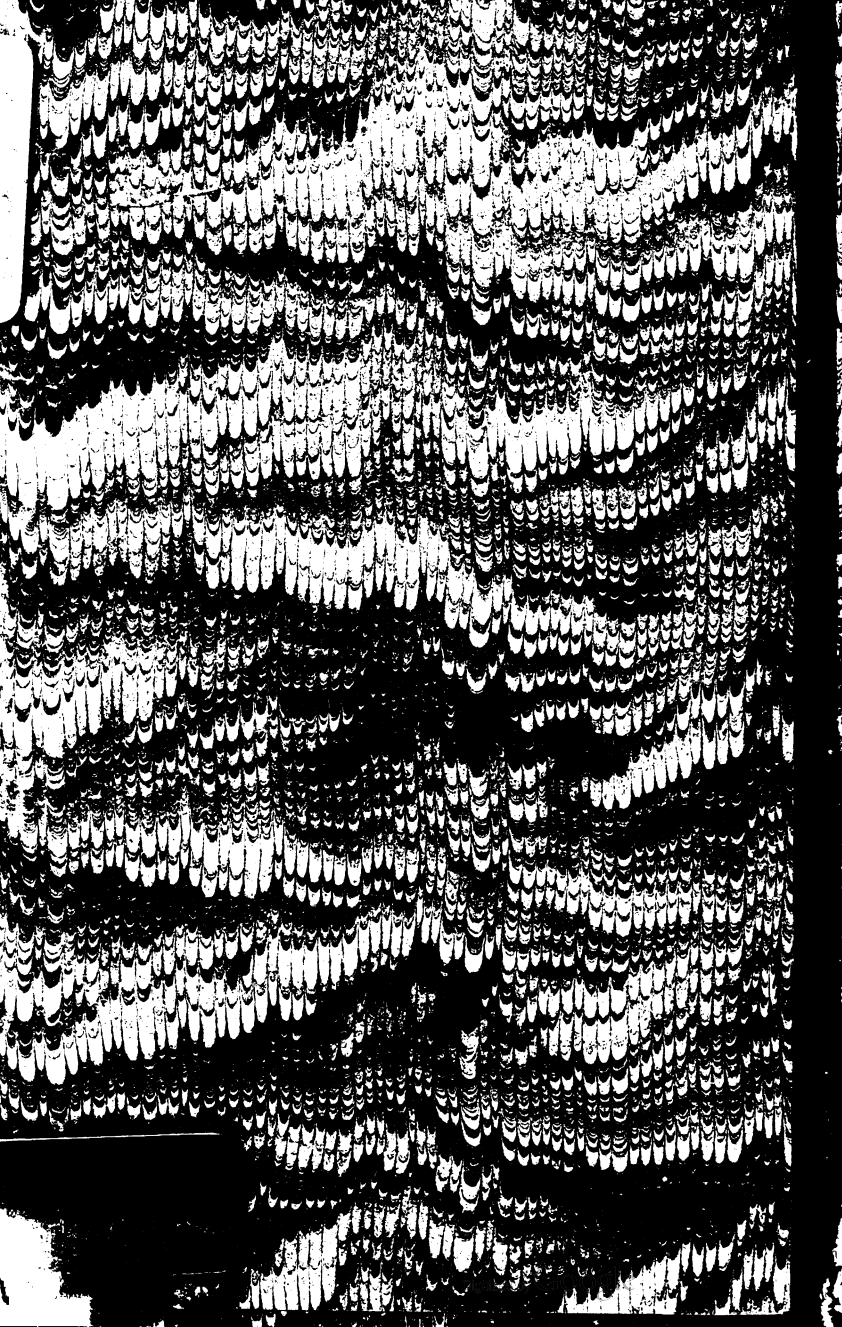
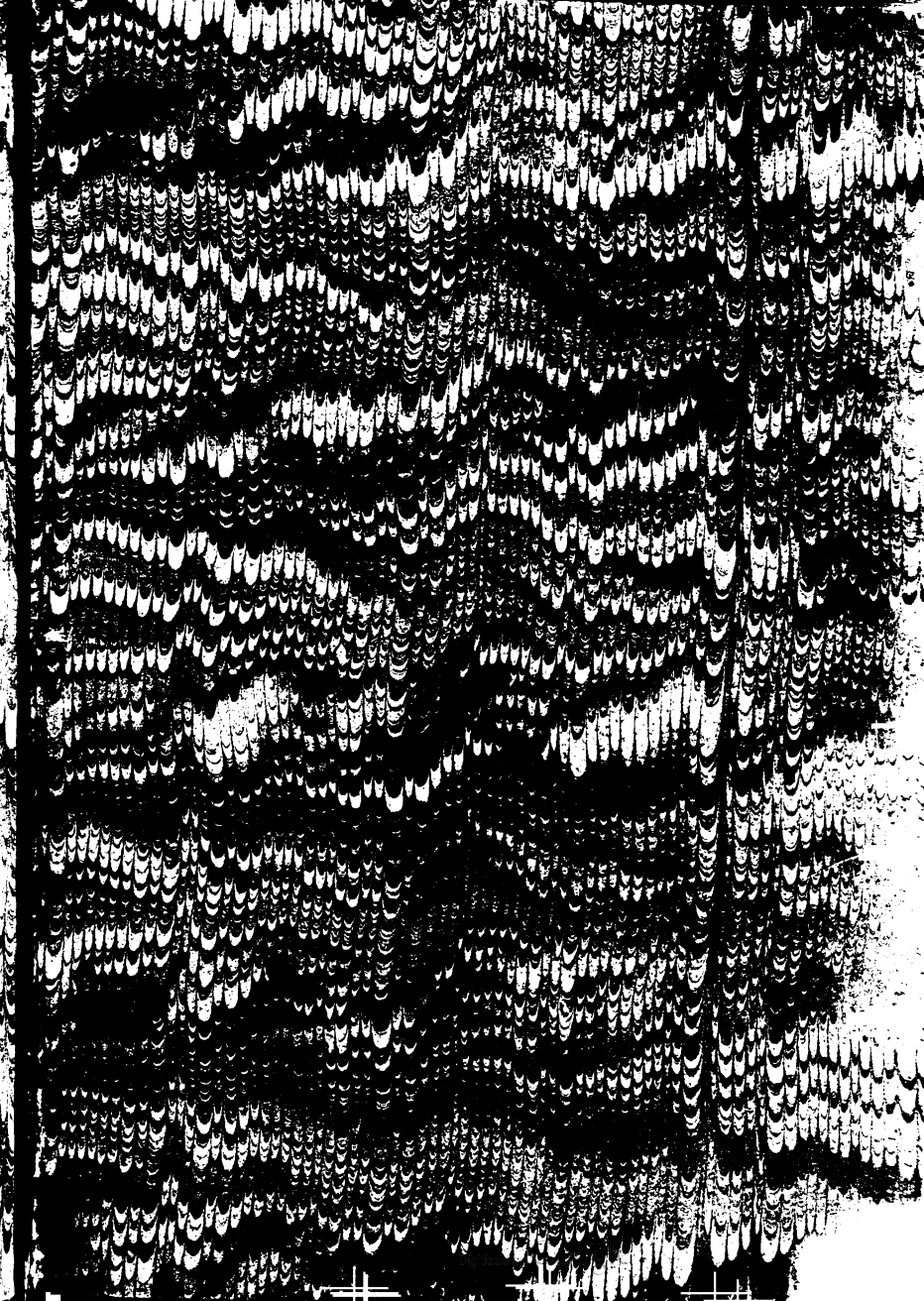








644. c. 69

The Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.

With new Additions.

Written by C. H. MAR.



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THE TRAGEDIE OF Doctor *Faustus*.

Enter Chorus.

Not marching in the ~~arms~~ of Tharſimen,
 Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthage n,
 For ſporting in the dalliance of love,
 In Courts of Kings, where ſtate is over-turn'd:
 For in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
 Intends our ſoule to haunt his heavenly verſe:
 Onely this (Gentles) we muſt now perſorme,
 The ſortune of Fauſtus ſortunes, good or bad:
 And now to patient iudgements we appeale,
 And ſpeak for Fauſtus in his infancy.
 Now is he borne of parents baſe of ſtocke,
 In Germany, within a towne call'd Rhodes.
 At riper yeares to Wittenberge he went,
 Whereas his kinſmen chiefly brought him by.
 So much he proſits in Divinity,
 That ſhortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
 Excelling all, and ſweetly can diſpute
 In th' heavenly matters of Theologie:
 Will ſworne with cunning, and a ſelfe conceit,
 His warren wings did mount aboue his reach,
 And melting, heauens conſpir'd his overthrow:
 For falling to a Deuilliſh exerciſe,
 And glatted now with learnings golden gifts,
 He ſurſets on the curſt Necromancy.

The Tragical Historic

Nothing so sweet, as Magicke is to him,
Which he professes before his chiefeest blisse,
And this the man that in his study sits:

Faustus in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studies Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.
Hoping comment'd be a diuine in thee,
Yet leuell at the end of euery Art,
And liue and dye in Aristotles mothes.
Sweet Analytickes, 'tis thou hast ransist me,
Bene differere est finis Logices.

As to dispute well Logikes chiefeest end
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end
A greater subject fitteth Faustus wit:
Bid Deconomy farewell, and Galen come,
Be a Physitian Faustus, heape vp gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicina sanitas.

The end of Physicke is our bodys health:
Why Faustus hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy Bills hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Cities haue escapt the plague,
And diuers desperate maladies bene cur'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to liue eternally,
Or being dead raise men to life againe,
When this profession were to be esteem'd?
Physicke farewell: where is Iustinian?

Si una eadem que res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry Legacies,
Exhereditari filium non potest Pater, nisi &c.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And vniuersall body of the Law.
This study sits a mercenary Iudge,
Who aymes at nothing but externall trash,
To seruite and illiberall for me.

of Doctor Faustus.

When all is done Divinity is best :

Ieromes Bible Faustus, view it well :

Stipendium peccati mors est : ha ? Stipendium, &c.

The reward of sinne is death : thats hard :

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas :

If we say that we have no sinne

We deceiue our selues, and there is no truth in vs.

Why then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

I, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this ? Che sera, sera :

What will be, shall be : Divinity adew.

These Metaphysicke, of Magicians,

And negromantike booke are heavenly,

Lines, circles, Letters, Characters :

I, these are those that Faustus most desires.

What a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence

Is promis'd to the studious Artizan !

All things that moue betwene the quiet Poles,

Shall bee at my command : Emperors and Kings

Are but obey'd in their severall Prouinces :

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :

A sound Magician is a Demi-god,

Heretire my braines to gaine a Deity. Enter Wag.

Wagner commend me to my dearest friends,

The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir.

Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me,
Than all my labours, plod I were so fast.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good Ang. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heavy wrath vpon thy head.

The Tragicall Historie

Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

Bad An. Goe forward Faustus in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skie,
Lord and commander of these Elements.

Exit Ang.

Faust. How am I gladd with conceit of this:
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please:
Resolue me of all ambiguities:

Performe what desperate enterprizes I will:

Ile haue them flye to India for gold,

Ransacke the Ocean for Orient Pearle,

And search all corners of the new found World

For pleasant fruits, and Princely delicacies.

Ile haue them read me Strange Philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all sovraine Kings:

Ile haue them wall all Germany with brasse,

And with swift Rhine circle all Wittenberge:

Ile haue them fill the publike Schooles with skill,

Wherewith the Students shall be brauely clad.

Ile leany Souldiers with the coyne they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our Land,

And reigne sole King of all the Princes.

Woe stranger Engines for the bzunt of War,

Than was the fiery kare at Antwerpe Bridge,

Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent.

Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius,

And make me wise with your sage conference.

Valdes, swart Valdes and Cornelius,

I know that your words haue won me at the last,

To practise Magicke and concealed Arts.

Philosophy is odious and obscure:

Both law and Physicke are for petty wits,

It is Magicke, Magicke that hath rauisht me.

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,

And I that haue with subtile Syllogismes

Quael'd the Masters of the Germane Church,

And made the glowering pride of Wittenberge

Swarme to my Problemes, as th' infernall spirits

Enter Valdes
and Cornel.

of Doctor Faustus.

On stout Musæus when he came to hell;
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these booke, thy wit, and our experience.
Shall make all nations canonize vs.
As Indian Princes obey their Spanish Lords:
So shall the spirits of every Element,
Be alwaies seruicable to vs thre:

Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please.
Like Romaine Butters with their hoyssements staves,
O' Loeland Gyants trotting by our sides.
Sometimes like women o' bntwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their ayrie bzaues
Than haue the white breasts of the Quene of Iloue.
From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,
And from America the golden flace,
That yearly suffes old Philips treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute,

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this,
As thou art: therefore obiect it not.

Corn. The miracles that Magicke will performe;
Will make thee bow to study nothing else.

He that is grounded in Astrologie,
Enricht with tongues, well sene in Minerals;
Hath all the Principles Magicke doth require:

Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dyt the Sea;
And fetch the treasure of all foraine weales:
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid
Within the muffle intralles of the earth:

Then tell me Faustus, what shall we Aze want?

Faust. Nothing Cornelius, I this cheres my soule.
Come, shew me some demer strations Magicall,
That I may conspire in some busbie grove,
And haue these toyes in full possession.

Vald. Then hast thou to some solitary grove;

The Tragicall Historie

And beare wise Bacons and Albanus wozkes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatsoever else is requisite,

We will informe thee ere our conference cease,

Cor. Valdes, First let him know the words of Art,

And then all other ceremonies learn'd,

Faustus may trie his cunning by himselfe.

Val. First He instruct thee in the rudiments,

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,

What'e canuase every quidditie thereof :

For ere I sleepe He trie what I can doe,

This night He confute though I die therofore.

Excunt omni.

Enter two Schollers.

1 Scho. I wonder whats become of Faustus that was wont
To make our Schooles ring with sic probo. Enter Wag.

2 Sch. What shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

1 Sch. Hold now sirra, where's thy Master ?

Wag. God in heauen knowes.

2 Sch. Why, dost not thou know then ?

Wag. Yes I know but that followes not.

1 Sch. Go to sirra, leane your lesking, & tell us where he is.

Wag. That followes not by force of argument, which you
being Licentiaes should stand upon, therofore acknowledge
your error, and be attentine.

2 Sch. When you will not tell us :

Wag. You are deceiued, for I will tell you : yet if you were
not dunces, you would neuer aske me such a question. For is
he not Corpus naturale, and is not that mobile ? When where-
fore should you aske me such a question ? but that I am by na-
ture stegmaticke, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to leue
I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of
the place of execution, although I doe not doubt but to see you
both hanged the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer
you, I will set my countenance like a Pterissian, and beginne
to speake thus : Truly my deare Brethren, my Master

is

of Doctor Faustus.

is twithin at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this while
if it could speake would informe your worships: and so the
Lord blesse you, preserve you, and keepe you my deare bre-
thren.

Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus then I feare y^e which I haue long suspected,
That thou art fallen into the damned Art,
For which they two are infamous thorow the world.

2 Sch. Were he a stranger not allied to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come let vs goe, and informe the Recto^r.
It may be his graue counsell may reclaime.

1 Sch. I feare mee nothing will reclaime him now.

2 Sch. Yet let vs see what we can doe.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and foure Devils, Faustus to
them with this speech.

Faust. Gods that the glomy shadow of the Night,
Longing to view Orions drifling lake,
Leapes from the Antarticke World vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with his pitchy breath,
Faustus begin thine Incantations,
And try if Devils will obey thy Woll,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this Circle is Ichoua's name,
Forward and backward Annagrammatiz'd:
Th'abscissated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And Characters of signes and erring Starres,
By which the spirits are inforc'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute,
And try the utmost Magicke can performe:

Thunder. Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, Valeat numen tri-
plex Ichoua, ignei, Aerii, Aquitani spiritus saluete: Orientis
Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis Monarcha & Demigor-
gon, propitiamus vos, vt appareat, & surgat Mephistophi-
lis Dragon, quod tumeraris: per Ichouam, Echennam &

The Tragicall Historie

consecratam aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod nunc facio; & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephostophilis.

Enter Deuill.

I charge thee to returne and change thy shape,
Thou art too bigly to attend on me:

Goe and returne an old Franciscan Frier,
That holy shape becoms a Deuill best.

Exit Deuill.

I see there's vertue in my heavenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this Art:

How playnt is this Mephostophilis?

Full of obedience and humility,

Such is the force of Magicke and my spels.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. How Faustus what wouldst thou haue me doe?

Faust. I charge thee wait vpon me, whilst I live,

To doe what euer Faustus shall command:

Be it to make the mone drop from her Spheare,

Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.

Meph. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:

So more than he commands must we performe.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine owne accord.

Faust. Did not my coniuring raise thee? speake.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accidens:

For when we heare one rache the name of God,

Abiure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ;

Wile lye, in hope to get his glorious soule:

So will we come vntilse he vse such meanes;

Whereby he is in danger to be damnd:

Therefore the worstest cut, for coniuring

Is stoutly to abiure all godlinesse,

And pray deuotly to the Prince of Hell,

Fau. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this principle,

There is no chiefe but onely Belzebub:

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of Doctor Faustus.

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe.

This word damnation terrifies not me,

For I confound Hell in Elizium:

My Ghost be with the old Philosophers.

But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,

Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord:

Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of Spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Meph. Yes Faustus, and most dearely lou'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

Meph. O: by aspiring pride and insolence,

For which God threw him from the face of heauen.

Faust. And what are you that line with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that line with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,

And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph In Hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Meph. Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it.

Thinkest thou that I, that saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternall ioyes of heauen.

Am not tormented with ten thousand Vels,

In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse?

O Faustus, leaue those frivolous demands,

Which strike a terror to my fainting soule.

Faust. What is great Mephistophilis so passionate,

For being deprived of the ioyes of heauen?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shalt possesse.

Goe beare these tidings to great Lucifer;

Saying Faustus hath incur'd eternall death,

By desperate thoughts against Ioues Deitie,

Say he surrenders vp to him his soule,

So he will spare him foure and twentie yeares,

Letting him line in all voluptuousnesse,

Hauiug thee eare to attend on me,

To giue me whatsoeuer I shall aske,

To tell me whatsoeuer I demand:

The Tragical Historic

To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And alwaies be obedient to my will.
Go and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And met me in my studie at midnight,
And then resolue mee of thy masters minde.

Meph. I will Faustus.

Exit.

Faust. Had I as many soules as there be starres,
I'de giue them all for Mephostophilis.
By him Ile be great Emperoz of the World,
And make a bridge thorow the moving Ayre,
To passe the Ocean with a band of men.
Ile loppe the hills that binde the Affricke shore,
And make that countrie continent to Spaine,
And both contributory to my Crowne.
The Emperoz shall not liue but by my leaue,
For a p Potentate of Germanie.
Now that I haue obtaind what I desir'd,
Ile liue in speculation of this Art,
Till Mephostophilis returne againe.

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hither sirra boy.

Clo. For? A disgrace to my person: sounds boy in your face,
you haue sene many boyes with beards I am sure.

Wag. Hast thou no comings in?

Clo. Yes, and goings out too, you may see sir.

Wag. Alas poore slave, see how pouertie iests in his naked-
nesse: I know the villaine's out of service, and so hungrie,
that I know he would giue his soule to the Deuill for a shoul-
der ofutton, though it were bloud raw.

Clo. Not so neither, I had need to haue it well rosted, and
good sauce to it, if I pay so deare, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait on me: and I
will make thee goe, like Qui mihi discipulus.

Clo. What in vorse?

Wag. No slave in beaten like, and slaues-aker.

Clo. Slaues-aker: that's good to kill Vermin: then be-
like

of Doctor Faustus.

like if I serue you I shall be loue.

Wag. Why so thou shalt be, whether thou dost it or no : for sirra, if thou dost not presently bind thy selfe to me for seven yeres, Ile turne all the lice about thee into Familiars and make them teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Nay sir you may spare your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drinke, I can tell you.

Wag. Well sirra, leaue your talking, and take these guilders.

Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanke you too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an houres warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Deuill shall fetch thee.

Clo. Here take your guilders againe, Ile none of'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two Deuils to carry thee away, Banio. Belcher.

Clo. Belcher? and Belcher come here, Ile belch him: I am not afraid of a deuill.

Enter two Deuils.

Wag. How now sir, will you serue me now?

Clo. I good Wagner, take a way the Deuill then.

Wag. Spirits away, now sirra follow me.

Clo. I will sir, but heark you Master, will you teach me this conuincing occupation?

Wag. I sirra, Ile teach thee to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

Clo. A Dogge, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat? O braue Wagner.

Wag. Willaine, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walke attentiuely, and let your right eye be alwaies Diame- trally fixt vpon my left side, that thou maist, Quasiuestigias nostras insistere.

Clo. Well sir, I warrant you.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus in his studie.

Faust. How Faustus must thou needs be damn'd?

Canst thou not be sau'd?

What boots it then to thinke on God or Heauen?

The Tragical Historie

A way with such baine fancies and despair,
Despaire in God, and trust in Belzebub,
Now goe not backe Faustus, be resolute.
Waierst thou? O something sounder in mine eare,
Abjure this Magicke, turne to God againe.
Why he loues thee not. The God thou seru'st is thine owne
Wherein is Art the loue of Belzebub: (appetite,
To him Ile build an Altar and a Church,
And offer luke-warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Go forward Faustus in that most famous Art.

Good An. Sweet Faustus leaue that execrable Art.

Faust. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, What be these?

Good An. O, they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.

Euill An. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that doe vse them most.

Good An. Sweet Faustus think of heauen & heavenly things.

Bad A. No Faustus thinke of honor & of wealth. Exeunt An.

Faust. Wealth? why the signory of Embden shall be mine;

When Mephostophilis shall stand by me

Whit power can hurt me? Faustus thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts: Mephostophilis come,

And bring glad tydings from great Lucifer.

Is not midnight? Come Mephostophilis.

Veni, Veni, Mephostophilis.

Enter Meph.

Now tell me, what saith Lucifer thy Lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he liues,
So he will buy my seruice with his soule.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with thine owne blood:

For that security craves Lucifer,

If thou deny it I must backe to Hell.

Faust. Stay Mephostophilis, and tell me,

What good will my soule doe thy Lord?

Meph. Enlarge his Kingdome.

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Faust

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts vs thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, haue you any paine that torture others?

Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.

But tell me Faustus shall I haue thy soule?

And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,

And giue thee more than thou hast wit to aske.

Faust. I Mephostophilis, Ile giue it him.

Meph. Then Faustus stab thine arme courageously,

And bind thy soule that at some certaine day

Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne:

Then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. Lo Meph. for lone of thee Faustus hath cut his arme,

And wth his proper blood assures his soule to be great Lucifers,

Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night.

Wiew here this blood that trickles from mine arme,

And let it be propitious for thy wish.

Meph. But Faustus,

Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

Faust. I so I doe; but Mephostophilis,

My blood conkeales and I can write no more.

Meph. Ile fetch thee fire to dissolue it straight.

Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

It is unwilling I should write this bill.

Why streames it not that I may write a fresh?

Faustus giues to thee his soule: & there it staid.

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?

Then write againe? Faustus giues to thee his

Enter Mephostophilis with the Chafer of fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is fire, set it on.

Faust. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,

Now will I make an end immediatly.

Meph. What will not I doe to obtaine his soule?

Faust. Consummatum est: this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine Arme?

The Tragicall Historie

Homo fuge, whether shall I fly?

If vnto heauen he'le throw me downe to hell.

My senses are decei'd, he'res nothing w^{it} :

O yes, I see it plaine, euen here is w^{it}

Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus fly-

Meph. He fetch him somewhat to delight his minde. Exit.

Enter Deuils giuing Crownes and rich apparell to

Faustus: they dance and then-depart.

Enter *Mephostophilis*.

Faust. What meanes this show? speake Mephostophilis.

Meph. Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let the see what Magicke can perfozme.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. I Faustus, and doe greater things than these.

Faust. Then Mephostophilis recetue

A deed of Gift, of body and of soule :

But yet conditionally, that thou perfozme

All Couenants and Articles betwⁿ vs both.

Meph. Faustus, I sweare by Hell and Lucifer,

To effect all promises betwⁿ vs both.

Faust. Then heare me read it Mephostophilis,
On these conditions following.

First, that *Faustus* may be a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that *Mephostophilis* shall be his seruant, and bee by him commanded.

Thirdly, that *Mephostophilis* shall doe for him, and bring him whatsoeuer.

Fourthly, that he shall bee in his chamber, or house inuisible.

Lastly, that he shall appeare to the said *Iohn Faustus* at all times, in what shape and forme soeuer he please.

I *Iohn Faustus* of Wittemberg, Doctor, by these presents, doe giue both body and soule to *Lucifer*, Prince of the East, and his Minister *Mephostophilis*, and furthermore grant vnto them that foure and twenty yeares being expired, and these Articles about written being inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry the said

of Doctor Faustus.

said *John Faustus* body and soule, flesh and blood, into their habitation wheresoeuer.

By me *John Faustus*.

Meph. Speake *Faustus*, doe you deliuer this as your Decr:

Faust. I, take it, and the deuil gine thee good of it.

Meph. So now *Faustus* aske me what thou wilt.

Faust. First, I will question thee about Hell,

Tell me, where is that place that men call hell:

Meph. Under the Heauens.

Faust. I, so are all things else: but whereabouts:

Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,

Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one selfe place; but where we are is Hell,

And where hell is there must we euer be.

And to be short, when all the world dissolues,

And every creature shall be purged,

All places shall be hell that are not heauen,

Faust. I thinke hell's a mere fable.

Meph. I, thinke so still, till experiences change thy minde.

Faust. Why dost thou thinke that *Faustus* shall be damn'd:

Meph. I of necessity, for here's the scroole
In which thou hast given thy soule to Lucifer.

Faust. I, and body too, but what of that:

Thinkest thou that *Faustus* is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any paine:

No, these are trifles, and mere old wines tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:

For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing:

But hearing this, let me haue a wife, the fairest Maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue without a wife.

Meph. Well *Faustus*, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a woman deuil.

Faust. What sight is this:

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C.

Meph.

The Tragical History

Meph. Now Faustus wilt thou have a wife?

Faust. Here's a hot whore indeed: no, Ile no wife:

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,
And if thou lovest me thinke no more of it:
Ile cull thee out the fairest Cartezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall haue,
Were she as chaste as were Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this booke and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold.
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings Thunder, Whirlwinds, Storms and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy selfe,
And men in harnesse shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Faust. Thanks Mephostophilis for this sweet booke:
This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of Astronomie,
Graven in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top.
Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of posy Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmographie,
And as I guesse, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court:
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That on this day is solemnizd.

Ex. Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his study, and Mephostophilis.

Faust. When I behold the Heavens then I repent,
And curse thee wicked Mephostophilis,

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Because

of Doctor Faustus.

Because thou hast despis'd me of those loves.

Meph. 'Twas thy owne seeking Faustus, thanks thy selfe.
But thinkest thou Heaven such a glorious thing?
I tell thee Faustus, it is not halfe so faire
As thou or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How p'ron' I thou that

Meph. 'Twas made for man, then he's more excellent.

Faust. If Heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good An. Faustus repent, yet God will pittie thee.

Bad A. Thou art a Spirit, God cannot pittie thee.

Faust. Who buzeth in mine eares, I am a Spirit,
Be I a Denill, yet God may pittie me.
Yea, God will pittie me if I repent.

Bad A. I, but Faustus neuer shall repent.

Ex. An.

Faust. My heart is hardned, I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name saluation, Faith, or Heaven:
Swores, poysons, halters, and inuenom'd stile,
Are laid befoze me to dispatch my selfe:
And long ere this I should haue done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered depe despair.
Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death:
And hath not he that built the wals of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious Harpe,
Made musicke with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolu'd Faustus shall not repent.
Come Mephostophilis, let vs dispute againe,
And reason of Diuine Astrologie.
Speake, are there many Spheres about the world?
Are all Celestiall bodies but one Globe,
As is the substance of this Centricke Earth?

The Tragicall History

Meph. As are the Elements such are the Heavens,
Euen from the Moone vnto the Emperall Orbe,
Mutually solued in each others Spheres,
And ioyntly moue vpon one axle-tree,
Whose termine is termed the worlds wide Pole.
So are the names of Saturne, Mars, Iupiter,
Fain'd, but are Euening Starres.

Faust. But haue they all one motion both *Secu* & *tempore*?

Meph. All moue from East to West in foure and twenty
houres, vpon the Poles of the world, but differ in their motions
vpon the Poles of the Zodiacke.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide:

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?

That the first is finished in a naturall day?

The second thus; Saturne in 30 yeares;

Iupiter in 12. Mars in 4. the Sun, Venus and

Mercury in a yeare: the Moone in twenty eight dayes.

These are fresh mens questions but tell me, hath enery

Sphere a Dominion, or Intelligencia?

Meph. I.

Faust. How many Heavens or Spheres are there?

Meph. Prime, the seauen Planets, the firmament, and the
Emperall Heauen.

Faust. But is there not *Caelum Igneum* & *ChrySTALLinum*?

Meph. No Faustus, they be but fables.

Faust. Resolue me then in this one question:

Why are not Coniunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,
all at one time, but in some yeares we haue more, in some lesse?

Meph. *Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the

Meph. I will not.

(world.)

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis tell me.

Meph. None we not Faustus.

Faust. Villains haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. That is not against our Kingdome.

This is: thou art damn'd, thinke thee of Hell.

Faust. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this——

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Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I, goe accursed Spirit to ugly hell :
It is thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus soule. Is not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

Bad. Too late.

Good. Nearer too late if Faustus will repent.

Bad. If thou repent, Devils will teare thee in peeces.

Good. Repent and they shall neuer rase thy skin. Ex. An.

Faust. O Christ my Saviour, my Saviour,
Helpe to save distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Luci. Christ cannot save thy soule for he is iust,
There's none but I haue interest in the same.

Faust. O what art thou that look'st so terribly?

Luci. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soule.

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost insure vs.

Luci. Thou cal'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou should'st not thinke on God.

Luci. Thinke on the Devil.

Belz. And his dam too.

Faust. For will Faustus henceforth, pardon him for this.
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to Heauen.

Luci. So shalt thou shew thy selfe an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratifie thee for it.

Belz. Faustus, we are come from Hell in person to shew
thee some pastime: sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seven
deadly sinnes appeare to thee in their owne proper shapes and
likenesse.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant vnto me, as Paradise
was to Adam the first day of his Creation.

Luci. Take not of Paradise or Creation, but marke the
shew, goe Mephistophilis and fetch them in.

Enter the seven deadly Sinnes.

Belz. Now Faustus, question them of their names and dis-
positions.

The Tragical History

Fault. That shall I sone: What art thou the first:

Pride. I am Pride; I disdains to haue any parents: I am like to Ouids Flea, I can crape into every corner of a wench: Sometimes like a Periwigge, I sit vpon her Brow: next, like a Pecke-lace, I hang about her Pecke: Then, like a Fanne of Feathers, I kisse her: And then turning my selfe to a wrought smocke doe what I list. But fie, what a smell is here: Ile not speake a word more for a Kings ransom, vntlesse the ground be perfumed and couered with cloth of Aras.

Fault. Thou art a proud knaue indeed: what art thou the second:

Couet. I am Coueteousnesse: begotten of an old Charle in a leather bag: and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all, should turne to gold, that I might locke you safe into my Chest: & my sweet gold.

Fault. And what art thou the third:

Enuy, I am Enuy: begotten of a Chimney-sweeper and an Myster wife: I cannot reade, and therefore with all bookes burned. I am leane with seeing others eat: & that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, and I liue alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I'de be. What must thou sit and I stand: come downe with a vengeance.

Fault. Out enuious wretch: What art thou the fourth:

Wrath. I am Wrath: I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an houre old, and haue ever since runne by and downe the world with these rase of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall: I was borne in Hell, and looke to it, for some of you shall be my Father.

Fault. And what art thou the fifth:

Glut. I am Gluttony, my parents are all dead, and the deuill a penny they haue left me but a small pension, and that buyes me thirty meales a day, and ten Beeners: a small trifle to suffice nature. I came of a Royall pedigree, my Father was a Cammon of Bacon, and my Mother was a Hogs-head of Claret wine. My God-fathers were these: Peter-pickled herring, and Martin Martlemas-bake: but my God-mother,

of Doctor Faustus.

Mother, O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-baire. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glur. Then the devill choake thee.

Faust. Choake thy selfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho: I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, Hey ho, Ile not speake a word more for a Kings ransom.

Fau. And what are you mistress Pinks, the seventh and last?

Letch. Who? I sir: I am one that loves an inch of rawutton, better than an ell of fride stockfish: and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on Piper. Ex. the 7 Sinnes.

Faust. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Lucif. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy were I then?

Lucif. Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thee, Meane while peruse this booke, and view it thoroughly. And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thankes mighty Lucifer. This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Luci. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewell great Lucifer. Come Mephostophills. Exeunt omnes severall ways.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick looke to the horses there till I come againe, I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus conuring bookes, and now we'll haue such knauery as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away & walke the horses.

Rob. I walke the horses: I scozn't ifaith, I haue other matters in hand, let the horses walke themselves an they will. A per se a, t. h. e. the: o per se o; deny orgon, gorgon: keepe further from me O thou illiterate and vblearned Hostler..

Dick. Snaples, what hast thou got there: a booke? why thou canst ne're a word on't.

The Tragicall History

Rob. That thou shalt see presently : keepe out of the Circle
I say, lest I send you into the Derry with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like ifaith: you had best leane your soulder, for
an my master come, he'll censure you ifaith.

Rob. My master censure me? He tell the what, an my ma-
ster come here, He clapp a faire paire of hoznes on's head, as
ere thou shalt in thy life.

Dick. Thou needs not do that, for my mistresse hath done it.

Rob. I, there be of vs here that haue waded as deepe into
matters as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake by
and downe after her for nothing. But I p'ether tel me in god
sadnesse Robin, is that a censuring Woke?

Rob. Do but speake what thou'lt haue me to doe, and I'll
do't: If thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll con-
fute thee about presently: Or if thou'lt go but to the Tauerne
with me, He giue thee White-wine, Red wine, Claret wine,
Hacke, Muscadine, Palmesey, and Whippincrust, hold belly
bold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O braue, I p'ether let's to it presently, for I am as
dye as a dog.

Rob. Come then let vs away.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Learned Fauſtus, to finde the secrets of Astronomy
Gauen in the Woke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount vp to scale Olympus top:
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoked Dragons neckes:
To view the Clouds, the Planets, and the Starres,
The Tropicke Zones, and quarters of the Skie,
From the bright circle of the hozned Mone,
Euen to the height of Primum mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compasse of the Pole,
From East to west his Dragons swiftly glide.
And in eight dayes did bring him home againe.

Not long he stayd within his quiet house
To rest his bones after his weary toyle,
But new exploits doe hate him out again,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtil Ayre,
He now is gone to proue Cosmographie,
That measures coasts and kingdomes of the earth:
And as I guesse, will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized. Exit.

Enter *Faustus* and *Mephostophilis*.

Faust. Having now my good *Mephostophilis*,
Past with delight the stately towne of Trier:
Inuiron'd with altyr mountaine tops,
With wals of flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince,
From Paris next, coasting the Realme of France,
We saw the Riuier Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose bankes are set with groues of fruitfull vines.
Then vnto Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings faire and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight-forth, and paved with finest brick.
There saw we learned Marocs golden tombe:
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thro' a rocke of stone in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East,
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threatens the Starres with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And roost aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath *Faustus* spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this:
Hast thou, as earst I did command,
Conducted me within the wals of Rome?

Meph. I haue my *Faustus*, and for proue thereof,

The Tragicall History

This is the godly Palace of the Pope :
And cause we are no common guests,
I chuse his princie Chamber for our vse.

Fault. I hope his Holinesse will bid you welcome.

Meph. Al's one, for we'll be bold with his ventson.
But now my Faustus that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containes, for to delight thine eyes :
Know that this City stands vpon seven hills,
That vnder-prop the ground-wozke of the same:
Just thozow the midst runnes flowing Tibers Stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts :
Ouer the which two stately bzidges leane,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome,
Vpon the bzidge cal'd Ponto Angelo
Created is a Castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such Hoze of Ordnance,
As that the double Cannons forg'd of Brasse,
Doe match the number of the dayes contain'd
Within the compasse of one compleat yeare :
Beside the gates and high Pyramides,
That Julius Cæsar bzought from Affrica.

Fault. Now by the Kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Stix, of Acheron, and the fiery Lake
Of euer-burning Phlegeton I sweare,
That I doo long to see those Monuments,
And situation of bzight splendent Rome,
Come therefore let's away.

Meph. Nay stay my Faustus, I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which in state and high solemnity.
This day is held thzough Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Popes triumphant victozy.

Fault. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me,
Whilst I am here on earth let me cloyd
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My foure and twenty yeares of libertie,
Ile spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus name while this bzight frame doth stand,

of Doctor Faustus.

May be admired thozow the farthest land.

Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. Nay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request and then I goe.
Thou knowest within the compasse of eight dayes,
We view'd the face of heauen, of earth, and hell.
So high our Dragons soar'd into the ayre,
That looking vponne, the earth appear'd to me,
As bigger than my hand in quantity.

Where did we view the Kingdomes of the world,
And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
When in this shew let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus cunning see.

Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first say,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way,
And then devise what best contents thy minde,
By cunning in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
As dash the pride of his solemnitie;
To make his Penkes and Abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques to his triple Crowne:
To beate the beads about the Friers pates,
As clap huge hornes vpon the Cardinals heads:
As any villanie thou canst devise,
And I'll performe, Faustus: hearken, they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter Cardinalls and Bishops, some bearing Crofiers, some the
Pillars, Monks and Friers singing their procession:
Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hun-
gary, with Bruno led in Chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our foot-stole.

Ray. Saye Bruno Knepe,
Whilst on thy backe his Holinesse ascends
Saint Peters chaire, and state Pontificall.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me:
But thus I sell to Peter, not to thee.

The Tragical History

Pope. To me and Peter, shalt thou groveling lie,
And crouch befoze the Papall dignitie:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heyze,
From Bruno's backe ascends Saint Peters Chaire.

A flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the Gods creepe on with feet of wrell,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise.

Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Goe forth-wit h to the holy Consistory
And read among the statutes decretall,
What by the holy Cancell held at Trent,
The sacred Synod hath decreed for him,
That doth asome the Papall government,
Without election and a true consent:
Away, and bring vs word with speed.

1. Car. We goe my Lord.

Exeunt Card.

Pope. Lord Raymond,

Fault. Goe haste thee gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the Cardinalls to the Consistory;
And as they turne their superstitious booke,
Strike them with stoth and drowle idleneesse:
And make them sleepe so sound, that in their shapen,
Thy selfe and I may parly with the Pope,
This pzoūd confronter of the Emperoz:
And in despight of all his Holineesse
Restoze this Bruno to his libertie,
And beare him to the States of Germanie.

Meph. Faustus Agoe.

Fault. Dispatch it soone,

The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Ex. Faustus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian, let me haue right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperoz.

Pope. We will depose the Emperoz for that Deed.
And curse the people that submit to him;
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate;

of Doctor Faustus.

And interdict from Churches Privilege,
And all Societie of holy men:
He growes too proud in his authoritie,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds
And like a Staple over-pares the Church:
But we'll pull downe his haughtie insolence:
And as Pope Alexander, our Vnigenito,
Trod on the necke of Germane Fredericke,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
That Peters heires should tread on Emperors,
And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
Treading the Lion and the Dragon downe,
And fearelesse spurne the killing Basiliske:
So will we quell that haughtie Schismaticke,
And by authoritie Apostolicall
Depose him from his regall government.

Bruno. Pope Iulius swore to Princelie Sigismond,
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperors their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on vs?
And therefore though we would we cannot erre.
Behold this silver belt whereto is fast
Seven golden scales fast sealed with seven seales,
In token of our seven-fold power from heauen,
To binde or loose, locke fast, condemne, or iudge,
Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseth vs.
Then he and thou, and all the world shall sleepe,
Or be assured of our dreadfull curse,
To light as heauie as the paines of Hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis like the Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well?

Faust. Yes Mephistophilis, and two such Cardinals
Pe're seru'd a holie Pope, as we shall doe.
But whilst they sleepe within the Conscience,

The Tragicall History

Let us salute his reverend Fatherhood.

Ray. Behold my Lord the Cardinals are return'd.

Pope. Welcome graue Fathers, answer presently,
What hath our holy Councell there decreed
Concerning Bruno and the Emperoz,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our State and Papall dignitie?

Faust. Most sacred Patron of the Church of Rome
By full consent of all the Synod
Of Priests and Prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the Germane Emperoz
Be held as Lollards and bold Schismatiques,
And proud disturbers of the Churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne assent,
Without enforcement of the Germane Peeres,
Did seek to weare the triple Diadem,
And by your death, to climbe Saint Peters Chaire,
The Statutes decretall haue thus decreed,
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresie,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your charge,
And beare him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest tower enclose him fast;
To morrow sitting in our Consistory,
With all our colledge of graue Cardinals.
We will determine of his life or death.
Here take this triple Crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the Churches treasure.
Make haste againe, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was neuer deuill thus blest before.

Faust. Away sweet Mephostophilis be gone,
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

Ex. Faustus and Mephosto.

Pope. Goe presently, and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize Saint Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungarie,
Drinke to our late and happie victorie.

Excunt.

of Doctor Faustus.

A Sonet while the banquet is brought in, and then enter
Faustus and Mephostophilis in their
owne shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sleepe Cardinals are hard at hand,
A censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And one a p'pound paid, as swift as thought,
Flies oze the Alpes to frostfull Germany,
Where to salate the wolfull Emperoz.

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to day,
That slept both Bruno and his Crowne away :
But now that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some meriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis so charme me here,
That I may walke inuisible to all,
And doe what ere I please, vnscane of any.

Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then kneele downe presently.

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand.

First weare this Girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all are here :

The Planets seuen, the gloomy Ayre,
Hell and the Furies forked haire,
Plutoes blew fire, and Hecats Tree,
With Magicke spells so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Doe what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discerned.

Faust. Thanks Mephostophilis, now Fryers take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven Crownes to bleed.

Meph. Faustus no more : see where the Cardinals come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals.
with a Booke.

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinals : come sit downe

The Tragicall History

Lord Raymond, take your seat, Fryers attend,
And see that all things are in readinesse,
As best becomes this solenne festiuall.

1 Card. First, may it please your sacred Holinesse,
To vlew the sentence of the reuerend Synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperoz.

Pope. What needs this question? did I not tell you,
Tomorrow we would sit i'th Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment:
You brought vs word euen now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursed Emperoz
Were by the holy Concell both condemn'd
For loathed Lollards, and base Schismatickes:
Then wherefoze would you haue me vlew that booke?

1 Card. Your Grace mistakes, you gane vs no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late deliuered you,
With his rich triple Crowne to be reseru'd
And put into the Churches treasury.

Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not.

Pope. By Peter ye shall dye,
Unlesse ye bring them forth immediatly.
Hale them forth to prison, lade their limbs with gyres:
False Prelates for this hateful trecherie,
Curst be your soules to hellish misery.

Fault. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast,
The Pope had neuer such a frolike guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames, sit downe with vs.

Bishop. I thanke your Holinesse.

Fault. Fall to, the deuill choake you an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke? Fryers looke about.

Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden
To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present.

Fault. I Thanke you sir.

Pope. Now now: who snatcht the meat from me?
Willaines, why speake ye not?
Oy good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish
Was sent me from a Cardinall in France.

Fault.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I'll haue that too.

Pope. What Lollards doe attend our Holinesse,
That we receiue such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Faust. I pray doe, for Faustus is a dype.

Pope. Lord Raymond I drinke vnto your Grace.

Faust. I pledge your Grace.

Pope. My wine gone too? ye Lubbers loke about,
And finde the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude ye all shall dye.

I pray my Lords haue patience
At this troublesome Banquet.

Bish. Please your Holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghost crept
out of Purgatory; and now is come vnto your Holinesse for
his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:

Goe then command our Priests to sing a Dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome Ghost

Faust. How now? must euery bit be spiced with a Crosse
May then take that.

Pope. O, I am faine, helpe me my Lords:
Come and helpe to beare my body hence:
Damn'd be his soule for ever for this deed.

Exeunt Pope and his traine.

Mep. Now Faustus, what wil you doe now? for I can tel you,
You'll be curst with Bell, Booke and Candle.

Faust. Bell, Booke, and Candle: Candle, Booke, and Bell:
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell.

Enter the Friers with Bell, Booke, and Candle,
for the Dirge.

1 Frier. Come brethren, let's about our businesse with god
 deuotion.

Curfed be he that stole his Holinesse meat from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Curfed be he that strooke his Holinesse a blow, on the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

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Curfed be he that ftrucke Fryer Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dom.

Curfed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.

Maledicat Dom.

Curfed be he that tooke away his Holynesse wine.

Maledicat Dom.

Beat the Friers, fling fire-wozkes among them,
and Excunt.

Excunt.

Enter Clowne and Dicke with a Cup.

Dicke. Sirra Robin, we were best looke that your diuell can answer the stealing of this cup, for the Wintners Boy folowes vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come: and he follow vs, He so conitire him, as he was neuer conitir'd in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Enter Vintner.

Dicke. Here'tis: Ponder he comes: Now Robin, now or neuer shew thy cunning.

Vint. Where you here? I am glad I haue found you, you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you stole from the Tauerne?

Rob. How, how? We steal a cup, take heed what you say, we looke not like cup-sealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't. for I know you haue it, and I'll search you.

Rob. Search me? I and spare not: hold the cup Dicke, come, come, search me, search mee.

Vint. Come on sirra, let me search you now.

Dicke. I, I, doe, doe, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your searching: we scozne to steals your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer outface me for the matter, for sure the cup is betwene you two.

Rob. Say there you lie, 'tis beyond vs both.

of Doctor Faustus.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your kindness to take it away: Come give it me againe.

Rob. I wench, when can you tell? Dicke, make me a circle, and stand close at my backe, and stirr not for thy life, Vintner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dicke: O perse O Demigorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You princely Regions of Internall Rule,
How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes:
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Onely for pleasure of these damned flames.

Rob. My Lady sir, you haue had a shrewd journey of it: will it please you take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and a Roster in your purse, and goe backe againe.

Dicke. I, I pray you heartily sir; for we cald you but in jest I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rascallie of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape,
For apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O by your leave, an Ape? I pray sir let me haue the carrying of him about to shew some trickes.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a dogge,
And carry him vpon thy backe, away be gone.

Rob. A dog? thats excellent: let the maids looke well to their Portage-pots, for I'll into the Kitchen presently: come Dicke, come.

Exeunt the two Clowns.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer burning fire,
I'll twing my selfe and forth-with sit amaine
Vnto my Faustus to the great Turkes Court.

Exit.

Enter Martino and Fredericke at severall doores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen,
Bie to the presence to attend the Emperour,
And Fredericke let the romes be boydd straight,

The Tragicall Historie

His Maiessty is comming to the Pall,
Go backe, and see the State in readinesse.

Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That on a furies backe came post from Rome.
Will not his grace consozt the Emperour?

Mart. O yes, and with him comes the Germane Coniurer,
The learned Faustus, same of wittenberge,
The wonder of the World for Magicke Art,
And hee intends to shew great Carolus
The race of all his stout Wogenitozs:
And bzing in presence of his Maiessty
The royall shapcs and perfect semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Fre. Where is Benuolio?

Mart. Fast asleepe I warrant you,
He toke his rouse with stapes of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed:

Fre. See see, his window's ope, we'll call to him.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio aboue at a window, in his
night-cap: buttoning.

Benu. What a Denill ayle you two?

Mart. Sprake softly Sir, lest the Denill heare you:
For Faustus at the Court is late arriv'd,
And at his heales ten thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Dattoz please.

Ben. What of this

Mart. Come leaue thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This Coniurer performe such rare exploits
Before the Pope and royall Emperour,
As neuer yet was sene in Germany.

Benu. Has not the Pope enough of Coniuring yet?
He was vpon the Denills backe late enough,
And if he be so farr in loue with him,

of Doctor *Faustus*.

I would he would pass with him to Rome againe.

Fre. Speake wilt thou come and see this sport &

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it then &

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe i'th meane time.

Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spels may compass be.

Ben. Well goe you attend the Emperour: I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at the window: for they say
if a man be drunke overnight, the Devil cannot hurt him in
the morning: if that be true, I have a charme in my head, shall
controule him as well as the Contrer, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,
Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Frederic-
ricke, Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free,
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall adde more excellence unto thine Art,
Than if by powerfull Necromantick spels,
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience:
For ever be belov'd of Carolus.
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters Chaire despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous thro'out all Italy,
And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. Whose gracious words, most royall Carolus,
Shall make poore Faustus to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the Germane Emperour,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For whose whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

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The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,
To cast his Magicke charmes that shall pierce thosow
The Chon gates of ever-burning Hell,
And hale the Stubborne Furies from their Canes,
To compasse wheresoever your Grace commands.

Ben. Bloud hee speaks terribly: but for all that I doe not
greatly beleere him, hee looks as like a Coniurer, as the Pope
to a Costermonger.

Emp. When Faustus, as thou late didst promise vs,
We would behold that famous Conqueror,
Great Alexander and his Paramour,
In their true shapcs, and state Patcsticall,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

Fau. Your Patcstie shall see them presently,
Mephostophilis away,
And with a solemn noyse of Trumpets sound,
Present befoze the royall Emperour
Great Alexander and his beautilous Paramour.

Meph. Faustus, I will,

Ben. Well M. Doctor, and your Devils come not away
quickly you shall haue me asleepe presently: for I could
eat my selfe for anger, to thinke I haue beene such an Ass all
this while to stand gaping after the Devils Gouernour, and
can see nothing.

Fau. I'll make you feelee something anon if my Art faile
me not.

My Lord I must forwarne your Patcstie,
That when my Spirits present the royall shapcs
Of Alexander and his Paramour,
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumbe silence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bying Alexan-
der and his Paramour befoze the Emperour I'll be Acton,
and turne my selfe to a Stogge.

Fau. And I'll play Diana, and send you the hoznes pre-
sently.

of Doctor Faustus.

Senit. Enter at one doore the Emperour Alexander, at the other Darius; they meet. Darius is throwne downe, Alexander kills him, takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe out, his Paramour meets him: heembraceth her, and sets Darius Crowne vpon her head; and coming backe, both salute the Emperour, Who leauing his state offers to embrace them: which Faustus seeing, suddenly staves him. Then Trumpets cease, and Musicke sounds.

My gracious Lord, you doe forget your selfe,
They are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished
With sight of this renowned Emperour,
That in mine armes I would haue compass him.
But Faustus, since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady while she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart, or mole,
How may I proue that saying to be true?

Faust. Your Maiessty may boldly goe and see.

Emp. Faustus, I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. A way be gone.

Exit shew.

We see my gracious Lord, what strange Beast is yon,
That thrusts his head out at the window.

Emp. O wonderous sight! see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hoznes most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benuolio.

Sax. What is he asleepe or dead?

Faust. He sleepe my Lord, but dreames not of his hozner.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.
What ho, Benuolio.

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Ben. A plague vpon you, let me sleepe a while.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleepe much hauing such a head of thine owne.

Sax. Look vpon Benuolio.. 'tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour? where? O zounds my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hoznes hold; 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently

Faust. Why how now sir knight, what hang'd by the hoznes? this is most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for shame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor, is this your villany?

Faust. I say not so sir: the Doctor has no skill, No Art, no cunning, to present these Lords, As being before this Royall Emperour The mighty Monarch, warlike Alexander. If Faustus doe it, you are straight resolu'd, In bold Acteome hope to turne a Stagge, And therefore my Lord so please your Maiesty, He raise a kennell of Hounds shall hunt him so, And all his footmanship shall scarce preuaile, To keepe his Carcasse from their bloody phangs. Ho, Belimot, Argiron, Asterote.

Ben. Hold, hold: Zounds he'll raise by a kennell of Devils I thinke anon: good my Lord, intreat for me: I'bloud I am neuer able to endure these torments.

Emp. Then good M. Doctor, Let me intreat you to remoue his hoznes, He hath done Penitance now insufficiently.

Faust. My gracious Lord, not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your Maiesty with some mirth, hath Faustus iustly requir'd this iniurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to remoue his hoznes: Mephostophilis, transforme him: and hereafter sir, let you speake well of Schollers.

Ben. Speake well of ye: I'bloud and Schollers be such Cuckold-makers to clappoznes of honest mens heads of this order, I'le nere trust smooth faces, and small ruffles more. But

of Doctor Faustus.

an I be not reueng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a
gaping Dyster, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus, while the Emperour liues,
In recompence of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And liue belou'd of mighty Carolus.

Excunt omnes.

Enter Benuolio, Martino, Fredericke, and
Souldiers.

Mart. Say sweet Benuolio, let vs sway thy thoughts,
From this attempt against the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not to hyge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When euery seruile groom leaues at my wrongs,
And in their Rusticke gamballs proudly say,
Benuolio's head was grac'd with haimes to day:
O may these eye-lids neuer close againe,
Till with my sword I haue the Coniurer slaine.
If you will ayd me in this enterprize?
Then drake your weapons and be resolute.
If not, depart; here will Benuolio dye,
But Faustus death shall quit thy infamy.

Fred. Say we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill the Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Fredericke bid thee to the grone,
And place our seruants and our followers
Close in ambush there behind the trees:
By this I know the Coniurer is nere,
I saw him kniue and kisse the Emperours hand,
And take his leane laden with rich rewards.
Then Souldiers brauely fight, if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leane vs the victorie.

Fred. Come Souldiers, follow me vnto the grone,
Who kills him shall haue gold and endlesse lone.

Exit Fredericke with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter than it was by th' haime

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But yet my heart's moze ponderous than my head,
And pants untill I see the Coniurer dead.

Mart. Where shall we place our selues Benuolio?

Ben. Here will we stay to bide the first assault,
I were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my soule disgrace.

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Close, close, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his goone:
Be ready then, and strike that Peasant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then; now sword strike home,
For hoznes he gaue Ile haue his head anon.

Enter Fauſtus with his false head.

Mart. See, see, he comes.

Ben. No words, this blow ends all,
Hell take his soule, his body thus must fall.

Fauſt. Oh.

Fred. Goe you Maſter Doctor?

Ben. Breake may his heart with groanes: Here Frederick ſee,
Thus will I end his griefes immediatly.

Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Devil's dead, The Furies may laugh.

Fred. Was this that ſterne aspect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim Monarch of infernall ſpirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding Charms?

Mart. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd
Benuolio's ſhame before the Emperour?

Ben. I that's the head, and there the bodie lies,
Juſtly rewarded for his villanies

Fred. Come let's deuise how we may adde moze ſhame
To the blacke ſcandall of his hated name.

Ben. Firſt, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
Ile naille huge ſozked hoznes, and let them hang
Within the window where he peak'd me firſt,
That all the world may ſee my laſt reuenge.

Mart. What ſhall we put his beard to?

Ben.

of Doctor Faustus.

Ben. While sell it to a Chimney-sweeper : it will weare out ten birchin bꝛomes I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eyes doe ?

Ben. While pull out his eyes, and they shall serue for buttons to his lips, to keepe his tongue from catching cold,

Mart. An excellent policy : and nowiers hauing diuided him, what shall the body doe ?

Ben. Sounds the Deuill's alme againe.

Fred. Giue him his head for Gods sake.

Faust. Pay keepe it : Faustus will haue heads and hands, I call your hearts to recompence this deede.

knew ye not Traitors I was limited

For foure and twenty yeares to breathe on earth,

And had you cut my body with your swords,

O! heu'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,

Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,

And I had breath'd a man made free from harme.

But wherefore doe I dally my reuenge ?

Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephosto : and other Diuels.

Go hoise these Traitors on your fiery backes,

And mount aloft with them as high as heauen,

Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell :

Yet stay, the world shall see their misery,

And Hell shall after plague their treachery.

Go Belimoth, and take this castiffe hence,

And hurle him in some lake of mud and dirt :

Take thou this other, dragge him thorow the woods,

Among the picking thornes and sharpest byers,

Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,

This Traytor flies vnto some happy rocke,

What rousing stone, may breake the villaines bones,

As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediatly

Fred. Witty vs gentle Faustus, save our lines.

Faust. Away.

Fred. We must needs go that the Diuell diuine.

Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

The Tragical Historie

Enter the Ambush Souldiers.

1. Sould. Come first prepare your selves in readinesse,
Take haile to helpe these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the Conturer.

2. Sould. See where he comes, dispatch and kill the Rane,
Faust. What's here? an ambush to betray my life:
Then Faustus try thy skill: base Peasants stand;
For loe the trees remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarks twixt your selves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

Faustus strikes the doore, and enter a Diuell playing on a drum,
after him another bearing an Ensigne: and diuers with weapons,
Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set vpon the
Souldiers and drive them out.

Enter at severall doores Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino, their
heads and faces bloody, and besmeard with mud
and durt, hauing all hornes on
their heads..

Mart. What ho, Benuolio?

Ben. Here, what Fredericke, ho?

Fred. O helpe me gentle friend, where is Martino?

Mart. Where Fredericke here,

Wasse smotherd in a lake of mud and durt,
Through which the Furies drag'd me by the haies.

Fred. Martino se,

Benuolio's hornes againe.

Mart. O misery, how now Benuolio?

Ben. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still?

Mart. Pay feare not man, we haue no power to kill.

Ben. My friends transformed thus: O hellish spite,

of Doctor *Faustus*.

Our heads are all set with hoznes.

Fred. You hit it right,

It is your owne you meane, sele on your head.

Ben. Zounds hoznes againe.

Mart. Pay chase not man, we are all sped.

Ben. What deuill attends this damn'd Magitian,
That spight of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we doe that we may hide our shames:

Ben. If we should follow him to worke reuenge,
We'd loyne long Asses eares to these huge hoznes,
And make vs laughing-stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do, deere Benuolio?

Ben. I haue a Castle toyning nere these woods,
And thither wele repaire, and liue obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:
With blacke disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame?
Wele rather die with griefe, than liue with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and
Mephothophilis.

Horse. I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dollers.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a Horse for so small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten dollers more, take him, because I see thou hast a good minde to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this: I am a very poore man, and haue lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me by againe.

Faust. Well I will not stand with thee, giue me the money: now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him oze hedge, and ditch, and spare him not; but doe you heere: in any case ride him not into the water.

Horse. Now sir, not into the water: why, will he not drinke of all waters?

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Faust. Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not into the water: oze hedge and ditch, oze where thou wilt, but not into the water: Goe bid the Hossler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you Sir: A loyfull day, now am I a made man for ever.

Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatal time draws to a small end:

Despaire doth drine distract into my thoughts.

Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe,

Wah, Christ did call the Thase upon the Crosse

Then rest the Faustus quiet in conceit.

He sits to sleepe.

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. O what a colensing Doctor was this? I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had bene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning: Well I go rouse him and make him giue me my forty Dollozs againe. Ho Sirra Doctor, you colensing scab, Master Doctor awake, and rise, and giue me my money againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Hay, Master Doctor.

He pul off his leg.

Alas, I am vndone, what shall I do? I haue puld off his leg.

Faust. O helpe, helpe. the villaine has murderd me.

Horse. Murder oze not murder, now he hath but one leg. He out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch oze other.

Faust. Stop him, Stop him, Stop him———ha, ha, ha, Faustus bath his leg againe, and the Hossle-courser a bundle of Hay for his forty Dollozs.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly intreat your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend with provision fit for your iourney.

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Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, Come away.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dicke, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Carr. Come my Masters, He bring you to the best hère in Europe, what ho, Hostesse : where be these whores :

Enter Hostesse.

Host. How now, what lacke you : What my old Guests : welcome.

Clo: Sirra Dicke, dost know why I stand so mute :

Dicke. So Robin, why is't :

Clow. I am eightene pence on the scoze, but say nothing, see if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this that stands so solemnely by himselfe : What my old Guest :

Clo. O Hostesse how do you : I hope my scoze stands still :

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no hast to wipe it out.

Dicke. Why Hostesse, I say fetch vs some Wère

Host. You shall presently, looke vp into the hall there, ho.

Dicke. Come sirs, what shall we doe till mine Hostesse comes :

Carr. Marry sir, He tell you the brauest tale how a Coniurer seru'd me : you know Doctor Faustus :

Horse. I, a plague take him, here's some on's haue cause to know him ; did he coniuere the tow :

Carr. He tell you how he seru'd me : As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should giue me for as much hay as he could eate : now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne, bad him take as much as he would for thre Farthings ; so he presently gaue me money, and fell to eating, and as I am a cur-sen man, he neuer left eating, till he had eat vp all my load of hay.

All. O monstrous, eat a whole load of hay!

Clow.

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Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

Horse. Now sir, you shall heare how villanously he seru'd me: I went to him yester day to buy a horse of him, and hee would by no meanes sell him vnder forty Dollers; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run ouer hedge and ditch, and neuer tire, I gaue him his money: so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bade me ride him night and day and spare him no time: but, quoth hee, in any case ride him not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but ride him into a great riuer, and when I came iust in the midst, my horse vanisht away, and I sate stradling vpon a bottle of hay.

All. O braue Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru'd him for it: I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleepe; I kept a halloving and whooping in his eares, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, take him by the legge, and neuer rested pulling, till I had pull'd me his legges quite off, and now tis at home in mine hostrey.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one legge then: thats excellent, for one of his Devils turn'd me into the likenesse of an Apes face.

Carr. Some more drinke Hostesse.

Clow. Hearke you, we'll into another roome and drinke a while, and then we'll goe seeke out the Doctor.

Excunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Dutchesse,
Faustus, and Mephostophilis.

Duke. Thanks Master Doctor for these pleasant sights, for know I how sufficiently to recompence your great deserts, in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Ayre: The sight whereof so delighteth me, As nothing in the world could please me more.

Fault.

Faust. I doe thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recom-
penced, in that it hath pleased your Grace to thinke but well
of that which Faustus hath perfozmed. But gracious Lady, it
may bee, that you haue taken no pleasure in those sights :
therefoze I pray you tell me what is the thing you most de-
sire to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours : I haue heard
that great bellied women doe long for things are rare and
dainty.

Lady. True Master Doctor, and since I find you so kind,
I will make knowne vnto you what my heart desires to haue,
and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of
the Winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of
ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: go Mephostophilis away.
Exit Mepho.
Spaddam, I will do moze than this for your content.

Enter Mephostophilis againe with the
grapes.

Here, now tast ye these, they should be good,
For they came from a farre Country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder moze than all the rest, that
at this time of the yeare when euery tree is barren of his fruit,
from whence you had these grapes.

Faust. Please it your grace, the yeare is deuided into two
circles ouer the whole world, so that when it is Winter with
vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them,
as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East,
where they haue fruit twice a yeare. From whence by meanes
of a swift Spirit that I haue, I had these grapes brought as
you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I
tasted.

The Clowne bounceth at the gate within.

Duke. What rude disturbers haue we at the Gate ?

The Tragical Historie

Goe pacifie their furie, let it ope,
And then demand of them what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with
Faustus.

A Seruant. Why how now Masters, what a cople is
there?

What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?

Dic. We haue no reason for it, therefore a sig for him.

Ser. Why saucy Charlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse. I hope sir, we haue wit enough to be more bold than
welcome.

Ser. It appeares so, pray be bold elswhere,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to speake with Doctor Faustus.

Carr. I, and we will speake with him.

Duke. Will you sir? Commit the rashalls.

Dicke. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his
Father as commit with vs.

Faust. I do beseech your Grace let them come in,
They are good subiect to a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I giue thee leaue.

Faust. I thanke your Grace.

Enter the Clowne, Dicke, Carter and
Horse-courser,

Why how now my good friends?

Faith you are too outragious, but come heere,
I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Pay sir we will be welcome for our money, and we
will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a dozen of
Beere here and be hang'd.

Faust. Pay harkie you, can you tell where you are?

Carr. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. What sir saucy boy, know you in what place?

of Doctor Faustus.

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to drinke in : Zounds
all be some Beere, or we'll break all the barrells in the house
and dash out all your bzaines with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furlous, come, you shall haue Beere,
My Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while,
He gage my credit, twill content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy selfe,
Our seruants and our Court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanke your grace: then fetch some
Beere.

Horse. I marry there speaks a Doctor indeed, and saith He
drinke a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg : what dost thou meane by that :

Carr. Ha, ha, ha, dost thou heare him Dicke, he has forgot
his leg.

Horse. I, I, he dos not stand much vpon that.

Faust. So saith, not much vpon a wooden leg.

Carr. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so fralle
with your worship : Doe not you remember a Horse-courser
you sold a horse to :

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Carr. And doe you remember you bid he should not ride him
into the water :

Faust. Yes, I doe very well remember that.

Carr. And do you remember nothing of your leg :

Faust. So in good sooth.

Carr. Then I pray you remember your courtesie.

Faust. Thanke you sir.

Carr. 'Tis not so much worth : I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that :

Carr. Kee both your legs bed-fellows euery night toge-
ther :

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest
me such questions :

Carr. So truly sir, I would make nothing of you, but I
would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.

Faust. When I assure thee certainly they are.

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Carr. I thanke you I am fully satisfied.

Fault. But wherefore dost thou aske?

Carr. For nothing sir: but me thinke you should haue a wooden bedfellow of one of'em.

Horse. Why doe you heare sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleepe?

Fault. But I haue it againe now I am awake: looke you here sir.

All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs?

Carr. Doe you remember sir, how you colened me and eat by my load of ———

Faustus charmes him dumbe.

Dicke: Doe you remember how you made me were an Apes ———

Horse. You whoyson cursing scab, doe you remember how you colened me with a bo ———

Clow. Haue you forgotten me: you thinke to carry it away with your Hey-passe, and Re-passe: doe you remember the dogs fa ———

Exeunt Clownes.

Host. Who payes for the Ale: here you O. Doctor, now you haue sent away my Guests, I pray who shall pay me for my Ale ———

Exit Hostesse.

Lady. My lord,

We are much beholden to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence with all the loue and kindnesse that we may. His artfull sports daine all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt,

Thunder and lightning: Enter Diuels with couerd dishes: Mephostophilis leads them into

Faustus Study: then Enter
Wagner.

Wag. I think my Master meanes to die shortly, he has made his will, and giuen me his wealth, his house, his goods, & Raze
af

of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coine: I wonder what he means; if death were nye, he would not frolike thus: he's now at supper with the schollers, where ther's such belly-cheere as Wagner in his life neuer saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is ended.

Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.

1 Sch. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we haue determined with our selues that Helen of Greece was the admirablenest Lady that ever liu'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will let vs so much saugur as to let vs see that peerelesse dame of Greece whom all the world admires for Palesy, we should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vnfaine, It is not Faustus custome to deny The iust request of those that wish him well: You shall behold that peerelesse dame of Greece, As other wise for pompe or Palesy, Than when Sir Paris cross the Seas with her, And brought the spoiles to rich Dardania. We silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound. Mephost. brings in Hellen, she passeth over the stage.

2. Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth, Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict poore Troy?

3. Too simple is my will to tell her worth, Whom all the world admires for Palesy.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke, Wee'll take our leaues, and for this blessed sight, Happy and blest be Faustus euermore.

Exeunt Schollers

Fau. Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

The Tragicall Historic

Enter an old man,

Old man. O gentle Faustus leave this damned Art,
This Magicke that will charme thy soule to hell,
And quite bereane thee of saluation.

Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not perseuer in it like a Devil:

Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soule,

If sinne by custome grow not into nature,

Then (Faustus) will repentance come too late,

When thou art banisht from the sight of heauen;

No Poetall can expresse the paines of hell.

It may be this my exhortation

Seemes harsh and all vnpleasant; let it not,

For gentle sonne, I speake it not in wrath

Of enuie to thee, but in tender lone,

And pittie of thy future misery.

And so haue hope, that this my kind rebuke,

Checking thy body, may amend thy soule

Fau. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Mephostophilis giues him a Dagger.

Hell claimes his right, and with a roaring voyce,

Saies Faustus come, thine houre is almost come,

And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,

I see an Angell houer oze thy head,

And with a Viall full of precious grace,

Offers to poure the same into thy soule,

Then call for mercy and auoyd despaire.

(Soule.

Fault. O friend, I ferle thy words to come, of my distressed

Leaue me a while to ponder on my sinnes.

Old. Faustus, I leaue thee but with griefe of heart,

Fearing the enemy of thy haplesse soule.

Exit.

Fault. accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?

I do repent, and yet I doe despaire,

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my bzeast:

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou Traitor Faustus, I arrest thy soule,

For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,

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Reuolt

Renolt, or He in peece-meale teare thy flesh.

Fault. I do repent I e're offended him,
Sweet Mephostophilis intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vnjust presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
The former vowe I made to Lucifer.
Doe it then Faustus with vnstained heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy dist.
Forment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I can afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Fault. One thing good servant let me craue of thee,
To glat the longing of my hearts desire,
That I may haue vnto my Paramour,
That heauenly Hellen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vowe,
And keep my vowe I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene
two Cupids.

Fault. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse Towers of Ilium ;
Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse :
Her lips sucke forth my soule, see where it lies,
Come Hellen, come, giue me my soule againe,
Here will I dwell, for heauen is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
In stead of Troy shall Wittenberge be sackt,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,

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Yea I will wound Achilles in the heele,
And then returne to Hellen for a kisse.
Thou art fairer than the Euenings Ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres :
Brighter art thou than flaming Iupiter,
When he appeard to haplesse Semele.
More lovely than the Monarch of the Skye,
In wanton Arethusa's azurd armes,
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis doe we ascend,
To view the subjects of our monarchie,
Whose soules which steepe scales the black sonnes of hell,
Amongst which as chiefe, Faustus we come to thee,
Bringing with vs lasting damnation,
To wait vpon thy soule ; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this glomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Faustus be.

Belz. And here wee'le stay,
To marke him how he doth demeane himselfe.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacy ?
Fond wozdling now his heart-blood dyes with griefe ;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring bzaine
Begets a world of idle fantasies,
To ouer'reach the Diuell ; but all in vaine,
His store of pleasures must be sanc'd with paine.
He and his seruant Wagner are at hand,
Both come from drazwing Faustus latest Will.
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my Will,
How dost thou like it ?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yeeld
My life and lasting seruice for your loue.

Enter the Schoollers.
Faust.

Faust. Gramercy Wagner,
Welcome Gentlemen.

1 How worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2 What ayles Faustus?

Faust. Ah my sweet Chamber-fellow, had I lin'd with thee,
Then had I lin'd still, but now must die eternally.

Loke first, comes he not, comes he not?

1 O my deare Faustus, what imparts this feare?

2 Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

3 He is not well with being ouer solitary.

2 If it be so, weele haue Physicians, and Faustus shall be cur'd.

3 'Tis but a surfet, feare nothing.

Faust. A surfet of a deadly stone, that hath damn'd both body and soule.

2 Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:

The Serpent that tempted Eue may be saued,
But not Faustus: O Gentlemen, here me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pant and quinner to remember that I haue been a Student here these 30 yeares. O would I had nere seene Wittenberge, neuer read booke, and what wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse, yea all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany, and the world, yea Heauen it selfe: Heauen, the seat of God, the Throne of the blessed, the Kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in Hell for ever. Hell, O Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever?

2 Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd: On God, whom Faustus hath blasphem'd: O my God, I would weepe, but the deuill drowes in my teares. Cuth sooth blond in stead of teares, yea life and soules: Oh he stales my tongue: I would lift vp my hands, but see, they hold'em, they hold'em.

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephistophilis, O Gentlemen,

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I gave them my soule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Faust. God forbid it in deed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vaine pleasure of foure and twenty yeares, hath Faustus lost eternall joy and felicity. I wrote them a Bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 Why did not Faustus tell vs of this before, that Diuines might haue pray'd for thee?

Faust. Oft haue I thought to haue done so: but the Devil threatned to tear me in peeces if I nam'd God: to fetch mee body and soule if I once gave eare to Diuinity: and now it is too late, Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me.

2 What may we doe to saue Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but saue your selues and depart.

3 God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

1 Tempt not God sweet friend, but let vs into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soeuer you heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 Pray thou and we will pray, that God may haue mercy vpon thee,

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus farewell.

Exeunt Schollers

Meph. I Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heauen, Therefore despaire, think onely vpon hell. For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching Fiend! 'twas thy temptation, Hath rob'd me of eternall happinesse.

Meph. I doe confesse it Faustus, and reioyce, 'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to heauen, Damn'd by thy passage, when thou tookst the booke, To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues, And led thine eie.

What weep'st thou? tis too late: despaire. Farewell.

Fooles that will laugh on earth, must weepe in Hell.

Exit.

Enter the Good Angell, and the Bad, at
seuerall doores.

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadst giuen eare to me,
Innumerable ioyes had followed thee.
But thou didst lone the world.

Bad. Came eare to me,
And now must taste hell paines perpetually.

Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Auaile thee now?

Bad. Nothing but ber thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

Musicke while the Throne descends.

Good. O thou hast lost celestall happinesse,
Pleasures vnspcakable, blisse without end.
Haddst thou affected sweet Diuinity,
Hell or the Denill had had no power on thee:
Haddst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,
In what resplendant glozy thou hadst sit
In yonder Throne, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumpht ouer Hell: that hast thou lost,
And now (poore soule) must thy good Angell leaue thee.
The iawes of Hell is ready to receine thee.

Exit.

Hell is discovered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horrour stare
Into that hast perpetuall torture house:
There are the furies tossing damned soules,
On burning fozkes, their bodies boyle in lead.
There are line quarters bzelling on the Coles
That ne're can die: this euer burning chaire,
As for e're tortur'd soules to rest them in.
These that are fed with tops of flaming fire,
Where gluttons, that lou'd only delicacies:
And laught to see the poore floure at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see

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Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O, I haue seere enough to torture me.

Bad. Pay thou must feele them, tast the smart of all,
He that lones pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leaue thee Faustus till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion.

Exit.

The clocke strikes eleuen.

Faust. O Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare houre to liue,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you euer-mouing Spheres of Heauen,
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come,
Faire Natures eye, rise, rise againe and make
Perpetuall day: or let this houre be but a yeare,
A moneth, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soule.

O lente, lente, currite noctisequi.

The stars moue still, time runnes, the clocke will strike,
The deuill will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.

O Ile leape vp to Heauen, who pulls me downe?
See where Christs blood streames in the firmament,
One drop of blood will saue me: Oh my Christ,
Kend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet will I call on him: O spare me Lucifer.
Where is it now? tis gone.

And see a threating arme, and angry brow.
Mountaines and hills, come, come, and fall on me;
And hide me from the heauy wrath of Heauen.

So; then will I headlong run into the earth:
Cape earth: Oh no, it will not harbour me.
You Starres that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence haue allotted death and hell,
Now draw vp Faustus like a fogge mist
Into the entralls of your labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the Ayre,
My limbs may issue from your smokie mouths,
But let my soule mount, and ascend to heauen.

of Doctor Faustus.

The Watch strikes.

O halfe the houre is past, 'twill all be past anon,
O, if my soule must suffer for my sinne,
Impose some end to my incessant paine:
Let Faustus liue in hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be sa'd:
No end is limited to damned soules.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
O; why is this immortall that thou hast?
O Pythagoras Metemyscosis, were that true,
This soule should rise from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their soules are sone dissol'd in Elements:
But mine must liue still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that ingendred me:
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the toys of heauen.

The clocke strikes twelue.

It strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,
O; Lucifer will beare thee quicke to hell.
O soule be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the Ocean nere be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O mercy Heauen, loke not so fierce on me,
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while:
Ugly Hell gape not, come not Lucifer,
He burne my booke: O Mephistophilis.

Enter Schollers.

1 Come Gentlemen, let vs goe visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night was neuer seene,
Since first the worlds creation did begin.
Such fearfull shrikes and cries were neuer heard:
Pray heauen the Doctor haue escapt the danger.
2 O helpe vs Heauens, see here are Faustus limbs,
All torne asunder by the hand of death.

3 The Devil whom Faustus serv'd, hath toz'd him thus :
For twixt the houres of twelve and one, we thought
I heard him whiske and call aloud for helpe :
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadfull horroz of these damned Fiends.

2 Well Gentlemen, though Faustus end be such,
As every Christian heart laments to thinke on :
Yet for he was a Scholler once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Germans Scholes,
Wee'll give his mangled limbs due buriall :
And all the Students cloth'd in mourning blacke,
Shall wait vpon his heavy funerall.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's Lawzell bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man :
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fendfull fortune may exhort the wisse
Only to wonder at vnlawfull things :
Whose deepnesse doth intice such forward wits,
To practise more than heavenly powder permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

FINIS.

